



THEY GOT AN EXTRA OUT FOR ME.

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THANKS FOR WILSON BUTTON.

Dear Editor—I must write and thank you for the Wilson button you sent me. It came up to all my expectations, and I am very proud of it. We certainly had a fine page this week. I think Alice Washers writes splendid stories. We are having real cold weather here now. I hate to think of winter coming. We went to a concert on the 25th, and the music was splendid. One selection particularly I liked. It was played just before the "Star Spangled Banner," and as I did not know what it was I intended to ask Professor Iradella, but I forgot. This is all for now. From your old member,

HARRY E. CHADWICK.
National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

THANKS FOR WILSON BUTTON.

Dear Editor—I have not written to you for a long time, but I always read your column with pleasure. I take interest in the club and its members, and hope I can begin writing again soon. Having seen in your last issue that you were sending out Marshall-Wilson pins I am taking advantage of your kind offer and asking for the same. I have just read Marie Correll's famous novel, "A Romance of Two Worlds." I did not like the idea. Yours truly,

ROCHELLE, VA. LESLIE MILLER.

LOOKING FORWARD TO STATE FAIR.

Dear Editor—I have been anxiously waiting to see my poem published, but as it has not yet appeared I am afraid Mr. Wastebasket has devoured it. I hope not though. I am sending a drawing for October, and would like very much to see it on the page. I suppose all our girls and boys are looking forward to the State Fair eagerly. I myself am I expect to have one great time. I went two years ago and I enjoyed myself immensely. Last year I was in Baltimore and could not go. I must close now, with very best wishes to all, including the editor. I remain sincerely,

DOROTHY M. SMITH.
2018 West Main Street, City.

HOPES MEMBERS WILL GO TO FAIR.

Dear Editor—You must forgive me for not writing before and thanking you for the prize I saw I had won. I certainly was surprised to see I had won one. I have not received it yet, but hope to soon. I will have to start to school Wednesday, the 24th. Harry Chadwick, I received the card you sent me, and think it fine. I am afraid we shall have frost soon, and if we do it will kill right much tobacco. It certainly will cold this morning, and it is right cold now. I hope all the members will go to the fair and have a fine time. No more at present. From your member,

MARY KOTLEY.
Upper Zion, Caroline County, Va.

A BUSY MEMBER.

Dear Editor—I really feel ashamed of myself for not writing to the page, but I have been so busy at school. We had history test today (Thursday). I like to go to school, and I have a very good teacher. Our school is a very pretty brick building, and one can graduate here without going off. Walden is a very pretty little town. It has a pretty union school, eight churches, four for the colored and four for the white; a lot of pretty dwellings, about forty stores and two graded schools. With love to one and all, I remain your loving member,

AGNES M. STAINBACK.
P. O. Box 146, Walden, N. C.

TELLS ABOUT SCHOOL.

Dear Editor—I have been so busy with my lessons that I haven't had time to tell you anything about our school. We do not go to the public school, though there is one in this neighborhood. We have a private school. We have a nice little teacher, and we like her fine. I was glad to see my little contribution in the paper, and have been so fortunate as to see several of them. I was real glad to see the rules and cut them. I hope I want break them any more.

LUCY POINDEXTER.
Fredericks Hall, Va.

WHAT EMMA CHADWICK THINKS.

Dear Editor—I haven't written to the page for some time. I have been drawing a great deal, so that I could send a little often. I am glad the children liked my September heading. There has been a lot of fine work on the page this month. I think the members are improving wonderfully in both writing and drawing. Alice H. Washers writes splendid stories. I have given you a lot of splendid suggestions for our work, and I hope the children will write on the subjects you mention. I don't think I can try to make my drawings as good as possible. Thank you very much for the Wilson button; I shall prize it very much. Sincerely,

EMMA V. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

KEOPS CLUB SCRAPBOOK.

Dear Editor—Thank you for having my drawing put in print. We have lots of fun at school playing basketball. We use school colors, red and black. I always cut out the best drawings and keep them for my T. D. C. C. scrapbook. I wonder how many others do that. Let's try to all the members. Lovingly,

LYRA V. RANSON.

STORY TOO LONG.

Dear Editor—I received the pin and I now feel like a real member. I would have written before, but I wanted to send a story with it. I only heard yesterday that my story was published. I can't tell you how proud I feel. I hope this one will be published too. As school starts on the 15th I can't send very many stories, but will send as many as I can. I like the very much to go to school. I must close now. I remain, very respectfully,

MARY KIRKPATRICK.
Mathews Courthouse, Va.

WANTS WILSON BUTTON.

Dear Editor—I haven't time to write much, but I only want to ask you to please send me a Wilson button if it is possible. I have started to school now, and so, of course, I won't have much time to contribute to the page, but I am going to do the best I can. I think that I shall like your school real well. I must close now, but will write more next time. Your true member,

LOTTIE DICKENSON.
Oakwood, City.

WILL OBEY RULES.

Dear Editor—I think my badge is real pretty. I will try and be a regular interested member. The weather is getting cold now. I like cold weather. I haven't seen my letter on our page, although I was glad to see the club rules in print. I will try and obey them. I would like to have a Wilson button. Included you will find a drawing and answers to Marguerite A. Harris's puzzles. I remain your true member,

LOUISE EZZELL.
Ezell, Va.

LIKES RICHMOND SCHOOLS.

Dear Editor—I had the pleasure of seeing my letter printed Sunday before last. I received my badge, and I thank you very much for it. My drawings were not published, but I hope these will be. I have started in school here, and like the Richmond schools very well. From your member,

RUTH MILLER.
111 North Twenty-ninth Street, City.

TRYING TO GET ABOUT THIS SECTION.

Dear Editor—Like the other members of the club, I suppose I am in the midst of my school work again. Some folks say they are glad to be back to school. I think they are funny people, but I'll try to get ahead this session. I just finished my evening study, and now am hurrying to go to bed to the members. Yours respectfully,

HAROLD VINCENT.
1106 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KING WILLIAM MEMBER.

Dear Editor—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. and am sending you two pictures, which I hope will be published. I live in King William, but I am attending the school at West Point and am boarding here. Please send me a badge and some rules. Yours truly,

EUNICE BLAND.
West Point, Va.

LOOKING FOR PRIZE.

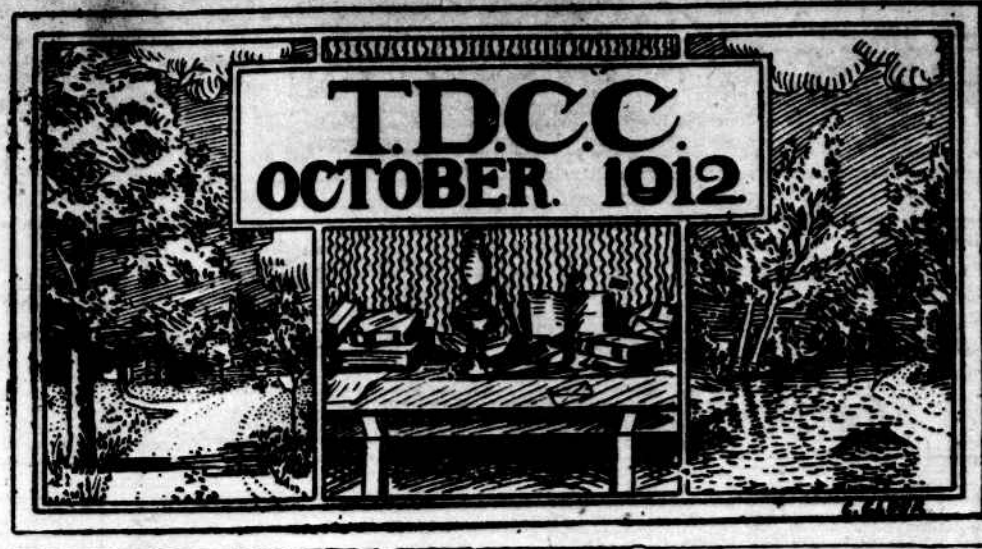
Dear Editor—I am sending a drawing that I hope I will see in the paper. I have been looking for my prize, but haven't received it yet, but I hope that I will receive it this week. School will start Tuesday, and I will have to study hard. Your member,

HERBERT TATE.
Mineral, Va.

WANTS WILSON BUTTON.

Dear Editor—I have not had time to write, but I will try to send you a drawing and a few lines now. Hope it will come through. I am trying for a prize. Yours truly,

TRIPS, A. COZ.
Chester, Va.



T.D.C.C. OCTOBER 1912

Editorial and Literary Department

An October Talk With the Boys and Girls

Dear Boys and Girls: Aren't you glad that October is here? For one thing, when October comes boys and girls are settled at school work again. The week of September night, in Cockney English, is called "art and art," but October stands for real effort and progress.

Then there was never a pleasanter time for walking. The woods are so lovely, the wild grapes are hanging from the vine, golden-rod and purple daisies lend color to the hillside, and the woods are tinged with autumn's russet and scarlet. Then the air is so crisp and so fine that it tends to promote good fellowship and merriment. It is good apple and chestnut roasting time, good reading and story-telling time. Study hour even has its attractions, and every morning seems a fresh beginning in young lives.

Then October has always the distinction of being Fair month, and girls and boys look forward to the various enjoyments of the occasion. Great pride is felt in many of the exhibits, since there is lively competition among the agricultural, poultry and animal exhibits, in which boys and girls have important interests.

Now I must tell you something that seems very pleasant to me. You all know Margaret Ropp, of Shenandoah, who has written such clever, nice letters and stories for our page. Her mother came to Richmond for the Women's Christian Temperance Union meeting, and your editor had the pleasure of meeting her and sending a greeting to Margaret. Our comradeship brings us very close together, doesn't it?

I am paying debts in prizes and medals this week, and hope you will all be pleased.

YOUR EDITOR.

MEDALISTS FOR AUGUST.

Miss Anna B. Cooke, Lower Brema. Brema Bluff, Va.
Master Henry Wood, 9 North Harvie Street, Richmond, Va.

MEDALISTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Miss Glenna B. Scroggs, Norwood, Va.
William Austin Brockebrough, Warsaw, Va.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Lucy Poindexter, Frederick's Hall, Va.
Miss Ruth Miller, 111 North Twenty-ninth Street, Richmond, Va.
Miss Agnes M. Stainback, Box 146, Walden, N. C.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche Allen, Edith Broadbent, Helen Bland, Eunice Chadwick, Harry Chadwick, W. E. Cox, Thomas A. Dickenson, Lottie Epps, Virginia Lee Ezell, Louise Glenn, Mary A. Harlow, Glenn, Furman D. Kirkpatrick, Mary White, Irving.

THE LITTLE PAGE.

III. They stepped into a room, bare, with the exception of a cleverly executed portrait at the far end of the room. "Twere well had we brought a lantern, but nay I have not time to wait for one. Come over by the moment. Seest thou this portrait? Who thinkest thou 'tis likeness to?" "Tis that of the Lady Margjoria, isn't it, my lord?" "Nay 'tis her grandam. But truth 'tis like her. Press the nose and thou'll see a wonder come to pass." A rare smile lit the boy's face as he obeyed. The picture slid back and a beautifully carved door opened letting in a flood of the late afternoon sunshine. Kenneth rubbed his eyes and at a word from the Duke entered the steps disclosed. At the top was a small porch with crumbling marble steps leading to a hedged path. "This path leadeth to the footpath through the woods. Come, we will go part of the way." They went to the edge of the road and the Duke gave the necessary directions. Then they returned to the castle and the Duke presented Kenneth with the sword of his choice.

The next day the Duke went off on his journey. The days that followed were full of pleasure to the two. They roamed at will through the rooms and



HOME AGAIN HOME AGAIN

Oh little maid, what are you going to do. With those flowers, pink and blue? We're going to sell them for the air is mild. To give the money to some mountain child.

(Original.)
HELEN BROADBENT.
Lorraine, Va.

picture galleries, gardens and parks. For two weeks all went well. (To Be Continued.)

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.
200 South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

MABEL'S PARTY.

Mabel was up with the birds that morning, singing merrily as she worked getting ready for the party.

"Just think, mama," said little Mabel, aged four, its not but two more hours before the little girls and boys are to come and I dressed Joanne (her favorite doll).

So Mabel and Joanne were dressed and waiting when a carriage full of children arrived. They got out and went in the house to take off their hats and caps. After a few minutes Mabel suggested that they go out on the lawn and have some fun.

After they were seated on the grass, Mabel arose and said, "What games shall we play? After a few minutes they all decided to play hide and seek. They played games until dinner was ready, and then they went and had—oh! such a jolly time eating fruits, etc. The little girls spent the evening playing dolls and the little boys played with dogs and cats and pet rabbits.

"We have spent a delightful day," they all said, and off they went to tell their mother of the day.

Composed by
ETHEL WATKINS PETTY.
Union Level, Va.

REFORMING BINKS.

Chapter II.

The day of arrival has come and gone and Merwin, with his mother and sister and Binks, but we must call him Marchmont now, are seated on the veranda of the mountain hotel at which they are staying during their visit. They are all good friends now for the lonely little trooper captured the kind hearts of Mrs. Merwin and her daughter, Grace. Merwin's reform lessons had worked wonders apparently, for Marchmont's pronunciation was perfect and from all viewpoints he was a polished gentleman; but all good things come to an end, and one day the crash came came with such force that it seemed to Marchmont he would never get over it, and this is how it happened.

Merwin had bought tickets for the passion play in one of the largest and most popular theatres in the nearby city, and Marchmont was one of the party. Seated in a box so close to the stage that he could almost feel the steps across, had he so desired, his cup of life was full. It was the first time in his life, perhaps, that he had been in a ten-cent theatre. He was drunk with happiness, and forgetful of Merwin's reform lessons, he exclaimed: "Say, Merwin, this is lots better than that show you and me went to. But, then, that was only a ten-cent vaudeville, while this certainly has some class," giving it the accent that only a Bowery tough can give his words.

Poor Marchmont! he was not to blame for it was the way he had been raised, but if looks could kill, Marchmont would have dropped dead at the glance Merwin bestowed upon him. He did not see it, however, and turning to Mrs. Merwin, said: "Ode waiting, Mrs. Merwin, you should have seen him flirting with the girl in back of us, but she wouldn't notice him. Good



HOME AGAIN HOME AGAIN

But now I'm once again with those Who kindly greet me home. (Refrain.)

WILLIAM E. P. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

For a few moments Binks (he was plain Binks now) was silent. A great struggle was taking place in his mind, but at last with an effort he took his month's pay from his pocket and threw it defiantly at Merwin, saying as he did so, "That will cover all my expenses, and let me tell you, Ed Merwin, I wouldn't trade a bun of mine like you have treated me."

Chapter III.

True to his word, Merwin was transferred to another company the next morning, and Binks had for his bunkie now a large, silent man who said nothing to any one and less to Binks. He (Binks) longed for one friend among the many men in his company, but he had none. He could not forget his quarrel with Merwin and at last decided he would go and straighten things out between him and his mother. Mounting his horse he started up the narrow mountain path that led to the hotel.

"I beg your pardon, but may I speak to you a few moments?" Mrs. Merwin, enjoying the mountain scenery, looked at the speaker. It was Marchmont, and without waiting for an answer he continued: "Do you remember at the theatre the other night when I spoke of Merwin's being at that other place? Well, he wouldn't have gone only I kept asking him (brave little Binks), and as to his looking at the girl, please don't mind that for any one does it, you know. Every body has a right to look."

Mrs. Merwin immediately forgave him. She had to when he looked at her and smiled like that.

"Do you know where Edward is now?" she asked.

"No ma'am, I don't. He was my bunkie but he got transferred. He said he was ashamed of me because I was different, but you'd be illiterate too if you had come up in the Bowery with no father or mother, and never had any advantages to learn. Oh, Mrs. Merwin, you don't know what it means to sit alone and see all the other fellows talking and playing games and you can't call any of them your friend because you know they're ashamed of you. I reckon you've been talking to me, too, now you know I'm not a gentleman like Merwin, and never will be, but I thought I would let you know it wasn't his fault he went to that cheap theatre. Good-by," and lifting his hat he was gone.

Composed by
HARRY E. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Each picture is a name. Find them out.

HERBERT TATE.
Mineral, Va.

SUGGESTED PUZZLES.

1. A letter and what comes with summer.
2. A letter and what comes with winter.
3. A letter and not tense.
4. Where four is made and to permit.
5. Something sweet and the staff of old age.
6. Made by a tight shoe.
7. One of the Apostles.

HELEN BROADBENT.
R. P. D. No. 1, Middlethian, Va.

Girls Names in Figures, by Margaret Harris.

1. Vida.
2. Barmen.
3. Naomie.
4. Fadrina.
5. Olga.
6. Oala.
7. Verna.
8. Reana.
9. Faith.

LOUISE EZZELL.
Ezell, Va.

ANSWERS.

Answer to test puzzle by Helen Broadbent: Hatchet, shovel, grandstone, screw-driver, hammer, square, plane, saw.

Answer to puzzle "Puzzle found on farm": Currant, pear, carrot, cherry, potatoes, peaches.

Riddles by Charlotte Coghill Bink.

1. A pack of cards. I because she roasts at night. 2. He lived on the water. 3. A. 4. 1. 5. A pound. 6. In the ark. 14. When she is a calf. A charade by Frise.

MARGUERITE A. HARRIS.

Boys Names in Figures.

1. Richard.
2. Edward.
3. Thomas.
4. Edgar.
5. Arthur.
6. John.
7. James.
8. Robert.
9. Roger.
10. Walter.

EMMA V. CHADWICK.
Care Wm. Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Plants found on the farm, by Helen Broadbent:

Currant, pear, carrot, cherry, potatoes, peaches.

Jumbled girl's names by Anne Harris:

1. Ethel.
2. Margaret.
3. Frances.
4. Edith.
5. Helen.
6. Lora.
7. Elliot.
8. Mary.
9. Virginia.
10. Leek.

Girls names in figures, by M. Harris:

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4. Fadrina.
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Composed by WILLIAM E. P. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

MY HOME LIFE.

My home life is very pleasant. I live in the country about three-fourths of a mile from a little village called Union Level. My father is a policeman there and my mother is a "super agent." We have a nice farm, and raise corn, wheat, oats, and hay. My mother and I raise little chickens. I had a pair of chickens, but the hen died. I've sent for another hen. I have a cute little hen, brown, over by six feet, that I built upon. I have a nice garden, and I raised, snap, collard, butter bean, turnip, potato, and cauliflower. I very much like my little friends in town. We go on my rides to parties and picnics.

Hope that this may be interesting to the city members.

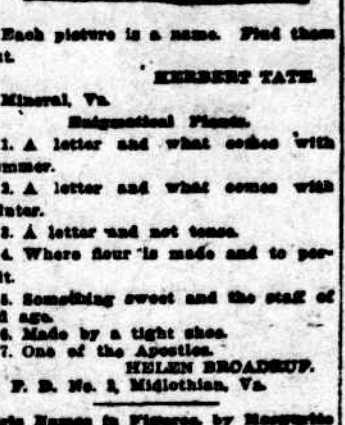
I remain, faithfully yours,
HELEN BROADBENT.



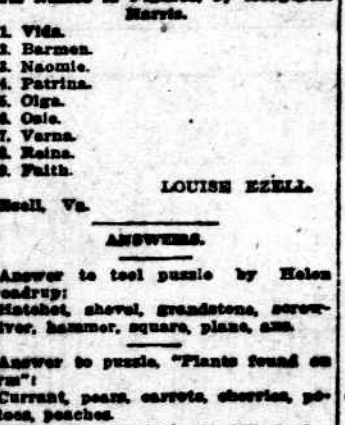
HOME AGAIN HOME AGAIN



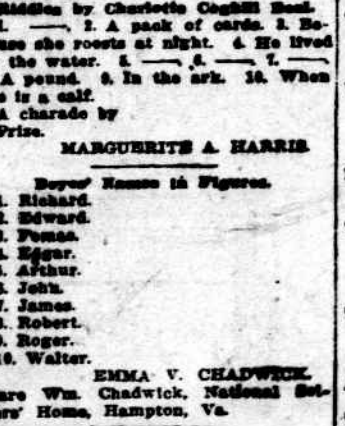
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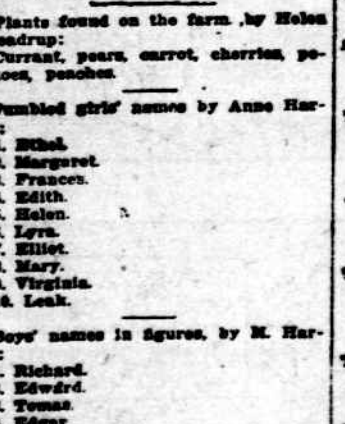
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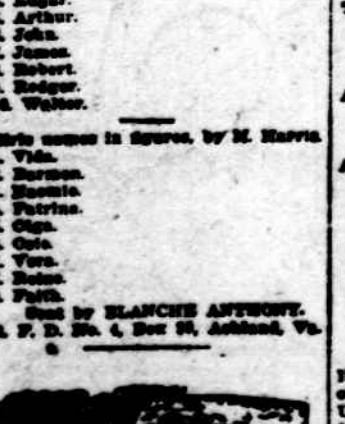
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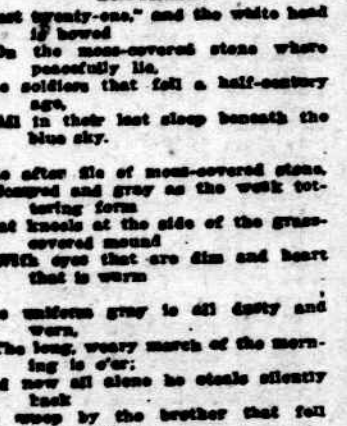
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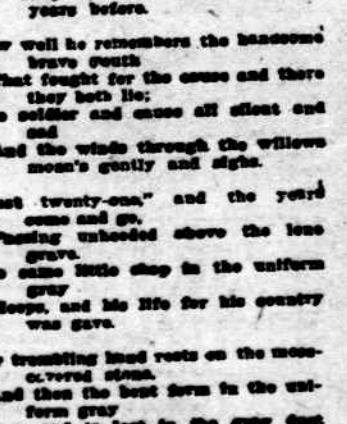
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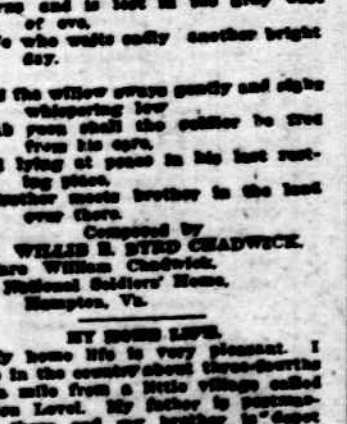
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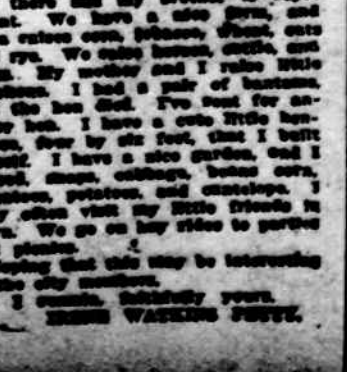
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